

A N E W V
COLLECTION
OF THE
CHOICEST
SONGS.
Now in Esteem in
TOWN or COURT.

*Exigis ut donem nos tros tibi, Quinte, libellos;
non habeo, sed habet bibliopola Tryphon.*

*Æs dabo pro nugis? & emam tna Carmina sanus?
non, inquis, faciam tam fatue; nec ego.*

Martial. lib. 4. Epig. 60.

Still dunning me for Songs - Away, you hot!

They're sold by Stationers, I have 'em not.

What - give my Money for a Song - thou'lt cry,
I am not such a Bubble; faith, no! I.

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УЧАСТВУЮЩИЕ
В ПОДДЕРЖКЕ
ПРИОБРЕТЕНИЯ
СТАНЦИИ
СОЛНЕЧНОГО
ОБСЕРВАТОРИИ
ИМЕНЕНИ А. В. ОСОВОГО

A New Collection
of the
finest and choicest
CHOICEST
SONGS.

Song by Sir Fopling Flutter:

When first Amyntas charm'd my heart,
my heedless sheep began to stray,
The wolves soon stole the greatest part,
and all will now be made a prey :
Ah ! let not love your thoughts possess,
'T is fatal to a Shepherdess ;
The dang'rous passion you must shun,
Or else, like me, be quite undone.

noisome cold will A

Drinking Song in the same.

CHOICE

THe pleasures of love, and the joys of good wine
To perfect our happiness, wisely we joyn ;
We to beauty all day,
Give the Soverain sway,
And our Favourite Nymphs devoutly obey ;
At the Plays we are constantly making our Court,
And, when they are ended, we follow the sport,
To the Mall, and the Park,
Where we love till 'tis dark,
Then sparkling Champaign, ignor
Puts an end to their reign,
It quickly recovers,
Poor languishing Lovers,
Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all our sorrow
But alas ! we relaps again on the morrow ;
Let e'ry man stand,
With his Glasse in his hand,
And briskly discharge at the word of Command :
Here's a Health to all those
Whom to Night we depose,
Wine and beauty, by turns, great souls shou'd inspire
Present all together, and now boys give fire.

As.

Song in the same

A s Amoret with Phillis Sat,
one evening on the Plain,
And saw the charming Strephon wait,
to tell the Nymph his pain :
The threatening dangers to remove,
he whisper'd in her Ear,
Ah Phillis ! If you will not lose ;
This Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art,
his passion to convey
Into a listning virgins heart,
and steal her soul away ;
Fly, fly betimes ; for fear you give
occasion for your fate ;
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
alas ! 'tis now too late.

W.

Song

I lik'd, but never lov'd before,
I saw thy charming face,
Now ev'ry feature I adore,
and doat on ev'ry grace ;
She ne'r shall know the kind desire,
which her cold looks denies,
Unless my heart that's all on fire,
Should sparkle through mine eyes.

Then if no gentle glance return,
a silent leave to speak ;
[My heart, which would for ever burn,
must sigh alas ! and break.

Mock-Song.

Was it a Queen, or else a Cow-lady,
so lovely brisk and gay to be ?
Or a dandling sun-beam that we see,
in the milk-white eye of the Month of May ?

No, 'twas no Queen, nor yet no Cow-lady,
all in the month of May, stay ;
But a sorrowful Nymph upon the green,
whose eyes had thrown her heart away.

Was it a Prince, or yet a Butter-fly,
she gave her heart away !
Or a sparkling skip-Jack of the Sky,
that tumbles down like a lump of gloom ?

No, 'twas no Prince, nor yet no Butter-fly,
that took her heart away : stay.
But a pretty little Cherubin so high,
whose eyes do shine like the dew of May.

Song.

Song,

AH how sweet are loves soft charms !
that Virgins freely tender ;
When the sense of charming bliss,
has forc'd em to surrender ;
For the joys which passion brings,
the soul does so endeavour,
They no longer count them lost,
but wish they'd last for ever.

Sighs and smiles are Lovers food,
and eyes the scenes to languish,
Tears the precious, chiefest good,
though shed with pain and anguish ;
Yet the trilling Recompence,
Elizium so discovers,
None ever felt the joys of sence,
but kind immortal Lovers.

Against jealousie,

Such perfect bliss, fair Cloris, we
in our enjoyments prove ;
'Tis pitty restless jealousie,
shou'd mingle with our love.

Let us, since wit has taught us how,
raise pleasure to the top :

You rival bottle must allow
I suffer Rival pop.

I am not the least unkind and ill
Think not in this that I despise,
treason against love's Charms,
When following the God of wine,
I leave my Clovis arms.

Since you have that, for all your baste,
(at which I'le ne'r repine)
Will take us — off as fast,
as I do take off mine.

There's not a brisk insipid spark,
that flutters in the town,
But, with your wanton eyes you mark
him out to be your own.

Nor do you think it worth your care,
how empty and how dull,
The heads of your admirers are,
so that their bags be full.

All this you freely may confess,
yet we'd ne'r disagree;
For, did you love your pleasure less,
you were no mate for me, &c.

Invoying Song. Interspersed.

Let business no longer usurp your high mind,
But to Delitance give way, & to pleasure be kind
Let business to marrow, to morrow employ,
But to day the short blessing let's closely enjoy;
Let us frolick below, till they hate us above,
To Cesar we'll sing, to Cesar and Jove.

From business we'll ramble, like Bridegrooms unbraed
And surfeit on pleasures, which others but taſt:
We'll laugh till we weep on the breast of the fair;
And the tears that are ſhed ſhall the trespass repair;
Then you that below do but abſt those above,
Who never repent, yet are always in love.

Song.

How ſevere is fate to break a heart,
that never went a Roving?
To torture it with endless smart,
for only conftant loving?
I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
and wash my watry pillow;
I walk the woods alone all day,
and wrap me round in willow.

old age.

Ungrateful

Ungrateful after Enjoyment.

No more, silly Cupid,
will I pine and complain ;
What slave is so stupid ;
To suffer the plague
Of an amorous league,
to be laugh'd at in vain ?
No more, silly Cupid,
I'le court a coy miss no more ;
he's a sot, and more blind,
who to one is confin'd,
when there's hope for a scur.

When I meet with a beauty
that's loving and kind,
I'll pay her my duty,
but when I've enjoy'd her,
O then I'll recruit me,
with love and brisk wine ;
No more I'll adore her,
when once I have got my desire,
then let her refuse me,
she cannot abuse me,
for then I despise her.

Changeable,

Changeable.

By beau'n ! she's hard, and melts no more,
Than does the Adamantine shore ;
She's cold as Ice, or Northern ayre,
As unconcern'd at my despair :
And stops her unrelenting Ears,
Like storms to ship-wreckt Marriners ;
Such is the female I implore,
By beau'n : she's hard and melts no more.

Poor Amintor's hapless fate !
Doom'd to be unfortunate ;
For no other purpose born,
Than to love, and meet with scorn ;
In a Sea of passions toss'd,
Shun'd by her I value most ;
Still pursu'd by her I hate,
Poor Amintor's hap-less fate !

But pox o' this whining,
And idle repining,
that only enjoyment opposes :
For women, like Fishes,
We scare from their wifhes,
by holding the bait to their noses.
For, oblig'd by ill custome; tho' backward they be,
They are doubtless by nature as forward as we.

Song.

Song.

What pleasure I take,
when I sigh for his sake,
to remember the love he express'd;
But my heart falls a bleeding,
With distraction succeeding,
when I fancy he spake but in jest.
With safety I cannot believe, or distrust,
what in prudence I ought to deny,
How wretched is he, if he prove to be just?
but if not, how unhappy am I.

Yet, since he has sworn,
I'me oblig'd to return,
the affection I cannot disprove,
And if e'r his unkindness
Should convince me of blindness,
I too late may repent of my love.
The proud and the peevish may always say no
but still it is better, say I
That twenty inconstant unpunished should go
than for one that is faithful to dye.

Againſt

Against Constancy.

Tell me no more of constancy,
that frivolous presence,
Of old age, narrow jealousie,
disease and want of sense.
Let duller fools, or whom kind chance.
some easie heart has thrown,
Despairing higher to advance,
be kind to one alone.

Old men and weak, whose idle flame,
their own defects discovers,
Since changing can but spread their shame,
ought to be constant lovers ;
But we, whose hearts do justly swell,
with no vain-glorious pride,
Who know how we in love excell,
long to be often try'd.

Theu bring my Bath, and strew my bed,
as each kind night returns,
Ile change a Mistress till i'me dead,
and fate change me for worms,
Then bring my Bath, &c.

Song.

Constancy after Death.

THe Nymph to whom my heart I gave,
Is gone, she's gone into the Grave:
Ye Gods! why were you so unkind,
To leave me languishing behind?
What had she done? or what have I,
You life or death to both deny?
If this be kindness, O my fate!
Such pitty wounds me more than hate.

Ye angry sisters shew your power,
And hast the happy fatal hour;
The hour when we shall meet again,
And laugh away each other's pain;
Then arm in arm shall we partake,
Of joys that keep us still awake;
I brice welcome death! when thus it proves
The kind uniter of our loves.

To Celia.

Of all the dear joys that the world has in store,
If Celia prove constant i'le ask for no more,
If she prove but as kind as her vows do declare,
Ile laugh at the Jealous and triumph o're care:
To clasp my soft dear all the night in my arms,
To kiss and to press, and dissolve with her charms;
And to think that the joys everlasting shall be,
Makes revelling Princes less happy than we.

Song.

Song.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
you see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a sweet amaze
a pleasing happy ruine :
Tis not for pity that I move,
his fate is too aspiring,
whose heart broke with a load of love,
dyes wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forgo,
your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
or learn you mine of loving :
Thus, whether life, or death betide,
in love 'tis equal measure,
The victors love in empty pride,
the vanquish'd dye with pleasure.

At last you'l force me to confess,
you need no arts to vanquish ;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'twere dullness not to languish :
But spare a heart you may surprize
and give my tongue the glory,
To scorn, while my unfaithful eyes,
betray a kinder story.

The

The Threat.

Proceed if you dare,
To foment my despair,
So much beauty was never design'd to ensnare;
Kind nature who gave
You the features you have,
Does impow'r you to conquer not torture your slave;
He deservedly dies,
Who subjection denies,
To the glances, And lances,
You dart from your Eyes.
But so proudly you reigns,
That when e're we complain:
How we languish, In anguish,
You laugh at our pain.
This folly give o're,
And be cruel no more,
To the wretched that wait for relief at your door;
For without your remorse,
At the last you'l enforce,
The despis'd and oppress'd to turn Rebels of course;
By experience we find,
The obliging and kind,
Their abettors In fetters,
Eternally bind.
While the proud and the coy,
who refuse to enjoy,
By denying, And flying,
Their Empire destroy.

Song.

Since Colia's

To a Desert

No Rivers,

Shall Echo my wail,
The trees will
More relentlessly sweep,
In the

Each leaf with a tear.
When I make my sad moan,
To the Rocks all alone,
From each hollow,

will follow,
A piteful groan.
Yet with silent disdain
requires all my pain,
To my mourning,
returnings,
No answer again.

O Celia adieu,
When I cease to pursue,
you'll discover,
no lover,
Was ever so true.
Your sad Shepheard flies,
From those, dear, cruel eyes,
Which not seeing
his being,
Decays and he dies.
Yet 'tis better to run
To the fate we can't shun,
them for ever
endeavour
what comes to man.
what? ye gods! have I done?
That Amintor alone,
is thus treated,
and hated,
For loving but me.

Secret

Secret Love.

No, no, 'tis in vain,
I bo I sigh and complain
Yet the secret i'le never reveal,
The wrack shall not tear it,
From my breast, but I hear it
To the Grave, where it ever shall dwell. I
Oh! would that the gods had created her long
and plac'd the poor Hylas above; Then,
Then, then, I a present might stay before
of a heart that is all over love.

Like the damn'd in the fire,
I may gaze and admire,
But I never can hope to be blest,
O the pangs of a lover,
That dares not discover,
The poison that's lodg'd in his breast,
Like a deer that is wounded I bleeding run on,
and fain I my torture would hide
But, oh 'tis in vain, for where'er I run
Fill the bloody dart sticks in my side.

B 2

Song.

Song.

I've and love you peevish Harlot,
While your lips and cheeks are scarlot,
While your skin is soft and tender,
Wisely think of a surrender,
Lest when age or sickness grieve ye,
Those deride that shou'd relieve ye;
When your face grows pale and meagre,
Lovers whose assaults were eager,
Faintly will the Fort beleaguer.

Think upon it, and prevent it,
Else in time you may repent it;
When your Lovers once desert you,
You'll grow weary of your virtues,
Which for want of an Employment,
Will be lost without enjoyment;
Tenders thus when over-wary,
While for greater gains they tarry,
With the loss of all, miscarry.

Love in Spight.

A H! how long have I fed my desire,
With the hopes you'd be kinder at last?
But in vain I have strove
To persuade you to love,
Till the pleasure of Courtship is past:
Yet I will not, I cannot extinguish my fire,
For in spight of your scorn I must ever admire.

You command me to love you no more,
'Tis a law which I cannot obey;
For when ever I try,
I am caught by your eye,
That opposes what ever you say:
And I will not, I cannot that folly give o're,
For in spight of your frowns I must ever adore.

Thus you make it my fate to rebel,
By the contrary humours you have,
you command me array
and I strive to obey,
but your beauty with-holds me your slave:
And I will not, I cannot, my passion repel,
For in spight of your bate, I must love you too well.

On the Death of Mr. Pelham Humphrey, A Pastorál.

Did you not hear the hideous groans,
the shrieks and heavy moans?
That spread themselves o're all the pensive plain,
And rent the breast of many a tender Swain ;

'Twas for Amintas dead and gone,
Sing you forsaken Shepherds, sing his praise,
In careless melancholly lays,
Lend him a little doleful breath,

Poor Amintas! poor Amintas! cruel death!
'Twas thou that mad'st dead words to live,
'Twas thou dead numbers did'st inspire,
With charming Voyce, and tuneful lyre:
That life to all, but to thy self, could'st give,
Why could'st not thou thy wondrous art bequeath?
Poor Amintas! poor Amintas! cruel death!

Chorus.

Sing pious Shepheards, sing while you may,
Before th' approaches of the fatal day ;
For you your selves that sing this mournful song,
Alas! e're it be long,
Shall like Amintas breathless be,
Tho' more forgotten in the grave then he.

Serenade.

Serenades.

Thou joy of all hearts, and delight of all eyes,
Nature's chief treasure, and beauties chief
look down you'll discover, (prize,
here's a faithful young vigorous Lover,
with a heart full as true,
as e're languisht for you,
here's a faithful young vigorous lover.

The heart that was once a Monarch in's breast,
Is now your poor captive, and can have no rest;

Twill never give over,
but about your sweet bosom will hover,
Dear Mills let it in,
by heav'n'tis no sin,
here's a faithful young vigorous Lover:

Song.

You Lovers love on,
Left the world be undone,
and mankind be lost by degrees,
For if all from their loves
Should go wander in groves,
There soon would be nothing but trees!

Love nob Return'd.

All how unkind is the Nymph I adore?
For my obedience she slight's me the more ;
Still as she shuns me I closer pursue,
So by her flight she has learnt to subdue :
How endless are the pains I must endure ?
Since she by flying, wounds and shuns the cure.

yet how unhappy foever I am, .
Still I must follow and cherish my flame :
For, shou'd I struggle and break off my chain,
My freedom wou'd be worse then her disdain ;
Therefore, the Nobler fate I will prefer,
It must be happy if it come from her.

Then, cruel fair ! if my death you've decreed,
Spite of compassion I beg you proceed
And look not down on my wretched estate,
As worthy neither of your love nor hate ;
For, with your frowns I wou'd rather dispence,
Then languish in luke-warm indifference.

A

A Pastoral Song

By Dorinda, lamenting her Amintas.

A Dieu to the pleasures and follies of love,
For a passion more noble my fancy does move,
My Shepheard is dead, yet I live to proclaim,
In sorrowful noats my Amintas his name,
The wood-nymphs reply when they hear me complain
Thou never shalt see thy Amintas again.

For death hath befriended him,
fate hath disfended him,
None, none alive, is so happy a swain.

You Shepheards & Nymphs that have danc'd to his
Come help me to sing my Amintas his praise, (lays,
No swain for the garland durst with him dispute,
So sweet were his noats while he sung to his lute.
Then come to his grave and your kindness pursue,
To weave him a Garland of Cypress and yew,
for life hath forsaken him,
Death hath o're-taken him,
No swain agen will be ever so true.

Then

Then leave me alone to my miserable estate,
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late;
You Echoes and Fountains, my witnesses prove,
How deeply I grieve for the loss of my love;
And now of God Pan whom we chiefly adore,
This favour I never will cease to implore;
That I may go above,
And there enjoy my love,
Then, then, I never will part with him more,

The Catholique lover.

Tis not enough, great Gods, 'tis not enough,
that I one single beauty love;
No, no, Eternal powr's, if you
Envie the peace my mind once knew;
If't be my fate to be a slave,
If I must love and such soft passions have,
Let not one Quiver, or one Bow,
One Glance, one Dart, or Arrow do;
Let many eyes my freedom break,
Let many chains me captive make:
'Tis Cesar-like, from many wounds, a death to take;

Retraction.

Retraction.

202.

D raw back thy hand great love, and strike no
that was too much I felt before: (more,
No, no; if thou, too cruel love!
wilt on my breast thy poisons prove,
let me at first be strongly stain'd;
Plagues, such as these, seldom infect again;
Let thy first Trophy then suffice,
First arrow, and first conq'ring eyes:
Unbend thy bow, and break thy dart,
Torture me not with second smart;
One wound doth kill, as sure as twenty, in the heart.

Diffwading his Friend from love.

H ad Daphne honour, wealth, or fame,
Thou hadst some colour for thy flame:
Or were she young, she might excite,
Thy lustful thoughts to appetite,
Were she, or beautiful, or good,
She unawares might fire thy blood,
But being neither rich, young, chaste nor fair,
To love is dotage, phrensic to despair.

Song.

Song.

Tell me no more you love,
Unless you will grant my desire,
Erything else will prove,
but fuel to my fire.
Tis not for Kisses alone,
so long I have made my address,
There's something else to be done,
which you cannot chuse but guess.

Tis not a charming smile,
that brings me the perfect Joys,
Nor can you me beguile,
with sighs and with languishing eyes;
There is an Essence within,
Kind Nature hath clear'd the doubt,
Such bliss can never be fin,
and therefore i'le find it out.

Long

Long Vacation.

How quiet's the Town?
now the Tumult is gone,
Now the Bullies and Punks
to retirement are flown :
The nights are all peace,
and the Mornings serene,
Our windows are safe,
and our bodies are clean.

The Nights are all peace, &c.

The Woman of Honour
the Bulker and Ranger too !
Disturb not our quiet now, nor from怠惰
nor intringle the strangers ;
Our joys are our own,
spight of Empty Gallants
Who Cuckold the Town
to supply their own wants.

Our joys are our own, &c.

Since

Since the Town then's our own,
and the sweets it affords,
Tho' indeed we are Rogues,
We'l be drunk as the Lords;
Opportunity stands us, V good
for Term-time will come,
When our Wives will be Rambling,
And we must keep home.

H

Song.

A H! Choridon thy flame Remove,
I pity thee but cannot love.
Yet I own, I have something in every vein
Which moves me to love, cou'd I meet with a swain
That were to my mind, and wou'd love me again.

Celadon

Celadon to Delia singing.

W

O Delia for I know 'tis thee,
I know 'tis thee,
For nothing else could move,
My tuneless heart than something from above,
I hate all earthly burmory.

Hark, hark ! the Nymphs and Satyrs all around,
Hark how the baffled echo faints and dyes,
See how the winged air all gressing lies,
At the melodious sound.

Mark while I sing,
How they droop and flag their wings,
Angels let Delia sing no more.

Thy song's too great for mortal ear,
Thy charming parts I can no longer bear,
O then in pity to the World give I're
And leave us stupid as the mortals here.

Fair Delia take the fatal choice,
To vail thy beauty or suppress thy voice,
His passion thus poor Celadon betray'd,
When first he saw, when I he heard the lovely maid.

Song.

giving gifts of no value

Why should friends and Kindred grieve
(make thee

wrong thy self, and cruelly forsake me?

Be still my dearest mistress, hang Relations,

Love's above their dull considerations:

Let 'em live and want, to heap up treasure,

whilst that thee and I enjoy our pleasure.

He that seeks a Mistress in a portion,

Puts himself to use with dam'd extortions,

If he must be bribed to copulation,

Pox upon his love, 'tis out of fashion,

where we like, no matter what the estate is,

'Tis not love, except we meet by chance.

How to see the master I wonder,

Weighing our hit purpos by the hundred,

Ne'r consulting birth, or education,

Virtue, without which just judgment,

Be she old or young, 'tis no manner's case,

So she is but meet for a master.

This nature is abominated by all men,

Quite beside your nature and intention,

When we wou'd agree, it makes Resistance,

Finding tricks to keep us at a distance.

Then who poorly makes a new election,

Suffers wealth to cuckold his affection.

The

The Penitent.

F Orgive me love,
Or if there be a kinder God above,
Forgive a Rebel to the power of love:
Here me kind Cupid and accept my vow,
Mine who devoutly at thine Altar bow,
O hear me now,
Dorinda bear, and what i've done amiss,
Pardon and seal that pardon with a kiss.
Stay methinks the melting sain,
Kindly echoes my complaint,
Look, Ifancy, I descry,
Pitty dropping from her eye,
Hark! she says, Philander lies,
All thy errours I forgive.
And now, ah me! to repent I begin,
That against so much goodness I ever shou'd sin,
But never again, oh never will I
Offend my Dorinda, for sooner i'l dye

C Merry

Merry after Death.

When I shall leave this clod of clay,
When I shall see that happy day,
That a cold bed, a winding sheet
Shall end my cares,
my griefs, and tears,
And lay me silent at my Conqueror's feet.

When a dear friend shall say he's gone,
Alas ! he has left us all alone ;
I saw him gasping, and I saw
Him striving, in vain,
amidst his pain,
His eye-strings breaking and his falling jaw.

Then shall no tears bedew my hearse,
No sad uncomfortable Verse,
My unlamented death shall have ;
He who alive,
did never grieve,
How can he be less merry in the grave.

Then friends for a while be merry without me,
And fast as you dye come flocking about me ;
In gardens and groves our day-revels we'll keep,
And at night my Theorbo shall rock you asleep ;
So happy we'll prove, that Mortals above,
Shall envy our Musique, shall envy our Love.

A

A Song against Poets.

What mean the dull Poets themselves to abuse,
With the pitiful Rhimes of an ignorant muse?
No more in the praise of a Nymph let 'em prate,
Nor complain of the stars, or unkindness of fate;
But if they must Rhime, let 'em do't to some end,
And sing us a song of our bottle and friend.

they'r in pitiful case, with their heart & their flame
And are puzzled to find a new Mistress, name;
But once in a Stanza they are b-in love,
Then their Protear Mistress must any thing prove:
For their Non-sense and lies, are but pimps to their
Rhime,
And their Alphabet helps 'em so words that will
C rhyme.

The Mistris they fancy they fit to their mind,
In a Minute, she's pretty, coy, cruel, and kind,
Thus women are Deities onely in show,
While to them they do all their inconstancy owe:
But in Burgundy we the farc'd passion will quench,
And if we must love, we'l away to a Wench.

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A Plea for Liberty.

Since Liberty Nature to all has design'd,
A Pox o'the Fool who to one is confin'd,
All Creatures besides,
when they please, change their Bridis,
All Females they get when they can ;
while they nothing but Nature obey,
How happy, how happy are they ?
But the silly fond animal Man,
Makes laws to himself which his appetite sway.
Chor. But since liberty, nature to all has design'd,
A Pox o'the Fool who to one is confin'd.
At the first going down a woman is goad,
But when e're she comes up, I'le ne'r chew the cud ;
But out she shall go,
And I'le serve 'em all so,
yben with one my stomach is cloy'd,
another shall soon be enjoy'd.
Then how happy, how happy are we ?
Let the Coxcomb when weary drudge on,
And foolishly stay when he fain wou'd be gone,
Poor fool how unhappy is he ?

Chorus,

Chorus.

At the first going down a VVoman is good,
But when e're she comes up i'le neer chew the
(cud.)

Let the rabble obey i'le live like a man,
Who by nature is free to debauch all he can,
wise nature does teach,
more truth then fools Preach,

She, she's our infallible guide,
but were the blest freedom deny'd,
In variety of the things we love best,
Dull man were the blavishest beast.

Chorus.

Let the rabble obey i'le live like a man,
VVho by natrre is free to debauch all he can.

Song.

Woman who is by nature wild,
dull-bearded man incloses,
Of natures freedom we'r beguil'd,
By Laws which man imposes,
who still himself continues free,
Yet we poor slaves must fettered be.

Chorus. A shame and a Curse,
Of for better, for worse,
Tis a vile imposition on nature,
For women shou'd change,
and have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild creature.

So gay a thing was ne'er design'd,
To be restrain'd from Rowing,
Heav'n meant so changeable a mind,
Should have its change in Loving.
By cunning we cou'd make men smart,
But they by strength o're-come our art.
Chor. A shame and a curse, &c.

How happy is the Village maid,
Whom only love can fetter?
By foolish honour ne'er betray'd,
She serves a pow'r much greater:
That lawful Prince the wisest rules,
Th' usurper, Honour, rules but fools.
Chor. A shame and a curse, &c.

Let us resume our ancient right,
make man at distance wonder;
The' be Victorious be in Fight,
in love we'l keep him under:
War and ambition hence be hurl'd,
Let love and women rule the world.

Chorus. A Shame and a curse
Of for better for worse,
Tis a vile imposition on Nature,
For women shou'd change,
And have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild creature.

Song.

Song.

C Loris, when you dispeirce your influence,
your dazzling beams are quick and clear,
You so surprize and wound the sense,
so bright a miracle y' appear.
Admiring mortals you astonish so,
no other deity they know,
But think that all divinity's below.

One charming look from your illustrious face,
is able to subdue mankind,
So sweet, so powerful a grace,
makes all men Lovers but the blind.
Nor can they freedome by resistance gain,
for each embraces the soft chain,
And never strugges with the pleasant pain.

A Rural Song.

Nymphs and Shepherds come away,
In these Groves let's sport and play ;
Let each day be an holy day,
Sacred to ease and happy love ;
To dancing Musique Poetry,
Your flocks may now securely rove,
while you express your jollity.

Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

We come, we come, no joy like to this,
The great can never know such bliss,
1 As this,
2 As this,
3 As this,
All, as this ;
The great can never know such bliss.

All the Inhabitants o' th' wood,
Now Celebrate the Spring,
That gives fresh vigour to the blood
Of every living thing ;
The birds have been singing and billing before us,
And all the sweet Choristers joyn in the Chorus.
The Nightingalls with juggling throats,
Warble out their pretty noats,
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet,
And thus our loves and pleasures greet.

Chorus

Chorus of all Swains

Then let our pipes sound, let us dance & sing,
Till the murmuring groves with echoes ring.

How happy are we,
From all jealousy free,
No dangers nor cares can annoy us;
we toy and we kiss,
and love's our chief bliss,
a pleasure that never can cloy us,
Our days we consume in unenvy'd delights,
And in love and soft rest our happy long Nights.

Each Nymph does impart,
her love without art,
To her swain who thinks that his chief treasure;
No envy is fear'd,
No sighs are e're heard,
But those which are caus'd by our pleasure.
when we feel the best raptures of Innocent love,
No joys exceeds ours but the pleasures above.

Chorus.

In these delightful fragrant Groves,
Let's celebrate our happy Loves,
Lets pipe, and Dance, and Laugh, and Sing,
Thus ev'ry happy Living thing,
Revels in the cheerful Spring.

The

The way to Rule a Wife.

The two noblest creatures that live on the land
a woman I mean and a horse,
By fair means admit,
Of the rider and bit,
But disdain to be manag'd by force.
He's a slave that marries,
and great Owls are they
who think any woman
can be brought to obey.
Slaves infesters must lye still,
Or they'll fell,
The cold steel,
Cornode the Flesh and bone,
Be quiet and make no moan,
(And then you shall suffer no ill.
The haughty Leviathan king of the main,
when he sports in his native soil,
And throws water so high,
He makes Seas in the sky,
is caught by address, not by toyl.
Then the spear has got hold, then let him alone,
Tho' he thinks he is gone, he is surely thy own,
he is not free that drags a chain.
Give him Rope,
And there's hope,
If you shorten your clue,
To the bottom go you,
or your dart returns empty again.)

Long

Long have I liv'd and have had many Wives,
Since I first put my hand to the plough ;
while I tampered by force,
to rule, they grew worse,
and there rose a hard knob in my brow :
we bit, and we scratcht, and we led hellish Lives,
Till I found out the way to make excellent wives.
This is the result of my Skill :
Give 'em line,
and they are thine,
and you rule them with ease,
Let them do what they please,
And then they shall do what you will.

Song.

Peace Cupid take thy Bow in hand,
I' th' gloomy shade in ambush stand
To watch a cruel Nymph frequents this Bow,
Cold as the streams, but sweeter than each hour :
There, there she is, direct thy dart,
Into that stony Mable heart,
Draw, Quickly, Draw, and show thy art :
Woe's me, thou'rt blind indeed, thou hast shot me,
while she scapes in the grove, and laughs at thee.

The

The Dream.

THe weary'd Sun had done its work and light,
Fled to the bosome of the night,
when to my kindest friend my bed,
I yeilded up my thoughtful head.
Midnight so soft came sealing by,
As time had been asleep as well as I.

In pity then my fancy to me brought,
A kind and beauteous thought,
Loe a fair garden did appear,
I know not how, I know not where.
A murmuring stream such musick kept,
That in my very dream again I slept.

The dimpled waters smil'd, Phillis I spy'd,
A gentle blast did turn aside,
Her careless silken clouds and loe
Methoughts her breasts were pau'd with snow.
Ah fair and pitiless said I,
That snow when flames invade it soon will dye.

A wild blush stains her face and idly seeks,
T'establish vertue surer in her cheeks,
I reach'd that story with mine eye,
And strait a vocal tear let fly,
Of mercy them I found a sign,
For strait in tears her eyes did echo mine.

ab

*Ah ! then I ran and clasping her I lov'd,
Through the complying air we mou'd,
Some one methought did fiercely call,
I ran to see and down I fall,
while she flew up and I fell down,
I wake and find my self in tears alone.*

Aurelia.

*Beneath Aurelia's feet I sat,
Expecting at her bands a kinder fate,
Making new vows, repeating old,
Yet still Aurelia still was cold,
and laug'd while I my mournful story told,
with folded arms, and pensive head.
In doubled sighs I spoke what e're I said.*

*Ah scornfull shepherdes, said I,
what pleasure is to see your servants dye ?
Shou'd all your votaries be slay,
what honour would your tyrant-beauty gain?*

*The cruel Nymph in scorns reply'd,
Go swain be thou the first that ever try'd,
I then may pisty what I now deride.*

Song.

Song.

Now that the cold winters expell by the Sun,
and the fields that did penance in Snow,
Hav: put Madam Natures gay Liverys on,
embroydered with flowers to make a fine shew:
Since the hills & the valleys with pleasures abound
Let the mortals bear a part, and the frolique go
(round.

Hark, hark how the birds in sweet consort conspire,
the Lark and the Nightingal joyn:
'And in every grove there's an amorous Chōire,
while nothing but mirth is their harmlesse design.
Since the hills, &c.

Methinks the god Pan, whose subjects we are,
sits and smiles in his flowry Throne:
He accepts our kind offering every year,
our May-pole his Scepter, our Garland his Crown.
Since the hills & the vallies with pleasures abound
Let Mortals bear a part, & the frolique go round.

Song.

Augusta is inclin'd to fears,
Be she full, or be she waining,
Still Augusta is complaining:
Give her all you can to ease her,
You can never, never please her.

Song.

Song.

when a woman that's buxome a dotard does wed,
Tis a madness to think she'll be ty'd to his bed,
For who can resist a gallant that is young,
And a man al-a-mode in his garb and his tongue?
His looks have such charms, and langue such force,
That the drowsie Mechanick's a cuckold of course.

He brings her acquainted with Dons of the Court,
That are persons of worth, and of civill report,
Thus she cannot a kind opportunity want,
For he'll trust her with no man except her gallant.
Yet the confident Fop for her honesty swears,
So he grafts on himself the gay horns that he wares.

Thus happy are we who are yoak'd to a Citt,
For when ever we teach him he pays for his wit;
By his Duck that appear'd to be faithful and chaste,
He finds himself cuckold and beggar'd at last:
And the credulous fool having drudg'd all his life,
Proves a thief to himself, and a pimp to his wife.

A Rant.

Make a Noise,
Pull it out,
and drink about,
Brave boys
T'other cup,
Fill the glass,
You sober ass
turn up,
why so sad?
we'll have more,
upon the score,
My Lad,
Let the Rabble
prate and babble,
Font're Diable
We will all be mad,
Sing a Catch,
Serenade,
In Masquerade,
The Watch.
Prattle Prattle,
Tittle Tattle,
Give 'em bairn,
They shall find their match.

See they come,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 slaves and Pikotz,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 whoever strikes,
Strike home.
Come boys draw,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 Fairly meet
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 'Em in the street,
Saw, Saw!
Bravely done,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 Cut and slash,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 The weapons clash,
They run.
How they wollow,
Let us follow,
Hoop and hollow,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 for the day is won,
All's our own,
Every crack,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 Must on her back,
Lye down,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 Let us muster up
In a closter,
 yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
 Huff and bluster,
For we rule the Town.

D

Play

Play along,
sing and chant,
A merry Rant

Among.

Lay about, look the whores,
Shut all the doors,

And flouts.

All prepare. See the Slut,
Drawing the shutts:

Beware.

Batts and Cinders,
Break the windows,
nothing hinders,

Let 'em have a care.

To ther clasp,
in they go,
at every throw,

Dash, dash.

Hark they tumble,
How they jumble,
Rumble, rumble,

Now the whores are quaff.

Boys

Boys dispatch,
'tis enough
that we own nuff
The Watch.

Back again,
To the Sun,

Come let us run
Again.

There we'll play,
roam and drink,

and never think
Of day.

Time with lasses,
Pots and Glasses,

Slowly passin,
how it slides away.

Let the fools
He that thinks,

and sleeps and drinks,
By rule.

by a measure,
at his leisure,

take his pleasure,

And grow wisely dull.

Now you ting or will
and it take dyd that has

now a'ell. **D**ouci singe en ill. **D**espair.

Despair.

Make a bed in the deep,
For me discontented poor Lboor to sleep,
Till the Cannons like thunder,
Rend the heavens in sunder,
and frightening the Main,
Do force me at last to waken again.

When the storms do arise,
And with their proud surges encounter the skys,
My head finds a pillow,
On the top of a Billow,
and I look for a grave,
within the cold womb of a turbulent wave.

The winds shall convey,
My prayers unto her I adore e'ry day,
It gently shall move,
Her to pity my love;
and each sigh that it bears,
It shall whisper again into Phillis's ears.

If the tempest do stell, O
Theo Phillis alone is the Saint I implore,
If she will not appease
The rage of the Seas,
nor calm the rough weather,
I'll breath out her name and my life both together.

So the Ocean to me,
Shall instead of a Tomb and a Sepulchre be,
and as I do glide
To and fro with the Tides,
That a Lover may die but be never consol'd.

Our Phillis shall never
The wandering soul of her wretchedness find
and if I am hider, that is
To my misery kindred, yet
Oblivion shall never
Abandon her bosom, But rather the world

Song.

Fit, Cloris, 'tis fit to sigh thus in vain,
To sigh to party the Lovers you've slain,
If still you continue your slaves to deride,
The compassion you feign will be taken for pride,
And sorrow for sin can never be true,
In one that does dayly commit it anew.

If while you are fair you resolve to be coy,
You may hourly repent as you hourly destroy,
Yet none will believe you, prouesse when you will,
That you grieve for the dead if you dastly do kill,
And where are our hopes when we zealously woe,
If you vow to abhor what you constantly do?

Then Cloris be kindred and tell me my fate,
For the world I have suffer'd, is to die by your hands,
If this you design never fancy me vain,
By your sighs and your judgements shall I be slain,
Nor weep at my grave, for I swear if you do,
As you now langage me, I will then laugh at you.

The Seamans Song.

To plough the wide Ocean go we,
The' bo mycilesse waves,
Still shew us our graves,
And the black, black tempest surround us,
The' dangers and fears do confound us.
Let it blow, let it blow, we care not a feather,
for the cold North-wind, nor the rain,
We'll into the Main,
And fear, and fear neither rocks nor the weather;
Let Land-men take care grow wretched and poor,
and think themselves happy at home,
whilst freely we ramble to a wealthier shore,
and are happy wherever we come.

A Drinking Catch.

Let's drink, dear friends, let's drink,
the time flies fast away,
And we no leisure have to think,
then let's make use on't while we may.
When the black Lake we have past,
farewel to wine, to love, and pleasure,
To drink, to drink, let's then make hast,
to drink we alwaies shant have leisure,
Let's love, let's drink while we have breath,
no love nor drinking is after death,

F I N I S.